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Choice Poetry.

"ON TO FREEDOM!"

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

["There has been the cry, 'On to Richmond!" and sti er cry, 'On to England!' Better than either Is cry, "On to Freedom." "-CHARLES SUNNER.]

On to Freedom! On to Freedom! 'Tis the everlasting cry

Cf the floods that strive with Ocean, Of the storms that smite the sky, Of the atoms in the whirlwind, Of the seed beneath the ground, Of each living thing in Nature, That is bound!

Twas the cry that led from Egypt, Through the desert wilds of Edom: Out of Darkness-out of Bondage-On to Freedom! On to Freedom!"

O: thou stony-bearted Pharmoh, Vainly warrest thou with God! Moreless, at thy palace-portals, Moses waits, with lifted rod! Vainly o'er the Pontic main Flingest thou, to curb its utterance, Scourge or chain! For the cry that led from Egypt,

Over desert wilds of Edom, Speaks alike through Greek and Hebrew: On to Freedom! On to Freedom!" In the Roman streets, from Graochus Hark! I hear that cry out-swell; In the German woods, from Herrmani

And on Switzer hills, from Tell! Up from Spartacus, the Bondman, When his tyrants' yoke he clave; And from stalwart Wat the Tyler, Saxon slave! Still the old, old cry of Egypt,

Struggling out from wilds of Edom, Sconling down through all the ages: On to Freedom! On to Freedom!" God's own mandate: "On to Freedom!" Gaspel-cry of laboring Time! Uttering still, through seers and heroes,

Words of Hope and Paith sublime!

From our Sydneys, and our Hampdens,

And our Washingtons, they come; And we cannot, and we dare not, Make them domb! Out of all the shames of Egypt, Out of all the spares of Edom. Out of Darkness, out of Bondage-

Select Cale.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Patriotism is, to be willing to make instances where property has been devotel, and life itself laid down, in liberating their native land from oppression. Patriots often become illustrious by their deeds, and their names are conspicuous in the annals of history. Yet, there is much true pstriotism of a humbler scale, which never wins any notice of the world. An instance of this I am going to relate

and the United States, which is called the Revolutionary War, our army endured many hardships, especially in the severe Winter with which the year 1779 closed, and that of 1780 began. They were then stationed at Morristown, in New Jersey. I once knew a soldier of the Revolu-

tion. His head was as white as if covered with snow. He filled a respectable rank in society, and was loved for kindness and piety. He was gratified that I
asked him for tales of other days; and he

And when I reflected how many young Morristown:

Early in the month of November, 1779. River and the White Plains, to go into winter quarters. Snow had already fallen, so that we had the prospect of a dreary season. The roads were in a most uncomfortable state, from rains and melting snows, and we marched four days with We reached Morristown, weary and way-worn, and were permitted the first night ed during that severe winter. to sleep in the house and barns of the in

The next morning early, we were ordered two miles northward, to a thick hard to complete our hovel of logs. In about a week they were ready to admit their tenants. their tenants. We took possession of

We now hoped to pass in quietness the forth to the service of our country. But greater trials awaited us. Ere long, provisions began to fail. The severe cold that no supplies could arrive by boats. New Jersey was not able, for any length not to to be coaxed into another fight. of time, to provide from her own resources, for such a multitude. Our daily allowto one-fourth. Ouly four ounces of meat, and four of bread, were served to each man for 24 hours. The cravings of hunger were intense. Still the affecting scarcity grew more intense. This scanty pittance was at least 1 and tance was at last dealt only once in two

love of their country, and the hopes of better times. Some even strove, by smusing and playful conversation, to keep up the spirits of their comrades. Yet a deeper trial was reserved for us. Four bitter Wintry days and nights not a morsel of food was given out. None could be procured. The strongest men became weak. and the voices of the more feeble grew so faint as to be scarcely audible. But there was no murmuring. We felt it to be the poverty of our beloved country we were sharing, and believed that, in God's good

time, relief would come. After this dreadful abstinence of four days, some wheat was procured. One gill of raw wheat was the portion of each soldier. We hastened to boil and eat it -drinking also the water in which it had been boiled.

While we were devouring this food, a gun was heard within the encampment. A lean, miserable dog had wandered thither. The poor animal was immediately shot, and cooked for some of the officers, who were so reduced by famine, as" to be thankful for such a repast. Another fast of four days ensued, rendered more painful by extreme cold, which threatened to turn everything into ice.

On the fifth morning, before the sun arose, a majestic man was seen, with the bridle of his horse around his arm. 'He stopped at the door of every hut. He affectionately asked each soldier how he fared. It was Washington. Tears escaped from his eyes at the sight of our sorrows. On the night before, he had learned their full extent. Ere the dawn, he hastened, notwithstandin the terrible cold, to visit us. His countenance and words revealed the deepest sympathy. At the sight of his distress, many cheerful voices exclaimed: "General, we do not complain. We can bear this longer, if it is the will of Heaven. We are ready to defend our country, whenever you call us to the field." This patience and patriotism affected Washington still more keenly. He could scarcely command his voice, as be thanked and blessed them. He assured them that if it were in the power of man, relief should be sent them

before the close of the day.

A little past noon, the Steward's call was heard throughout the camp. We rashed to the spot. To each of us was weighed out four ounces of beef, as free SCENE OF THE REVOLUTION. from bone as possible. Overcome by the fierceness of appetite, some swallowed it raw as soon as it reached their hands. On the following day we received four ounces of bread, and much in the same manner our food continued to be regular, though scantily distributed, until the sacrifices and endure hardships for the good of our country. History gives many to other trials and perils. Yet scarcity of provisions was not the only cause of our suffering at Morristown. The weather was fearfully severe, and our clothing old and insufficient. Snow for a long time covered the ground, to the depth of three and four feet. During more than six weeks, not the least thawing was perceived, even in the noon-day sun. No water could be obtained by the soldiers, but melted ice and snow; they were generally destitute of shoes, so that the guard, when they were on duty, might be tracked by the blood from their feet, reddening

their path of snow. But every hardship was endured, for the sake of the love we bore our country. Looking with hope to her independence we took part in her hard lot, like children with a parent-and suffered hunger, and cold, and nakedness, and the want of all

told the following story of the Winter at people there are, who have been always provided with food, warm clothing, and a comfortable shelter, and yet are little (said he,) our army, under General thankful for such favors; perhaps, some-times, discontented; I thought it might times, discontented; I thought it might be well for them to hear how nobly great sufferings were endured by men of other times, who loved their country.

If any of you who read this account should ever travel through Morristown, and admire its beautiful scenery and pure feet and limbs continually wet and cold. atmosphere, it would be well to search out the spot where our army were encamp-

BEAUREGARD PROMISED \$1,000 TO EACH REBEL SOLDIER .- On the Commodore forest, to cut down trees, and build huts, load of wounded, was a rebel Major (we army, which invested the position in a Perry, which went to Cincinnati with a every day snow fell, and the cold was extreme. We slept on the frozen ground, wrappd in a single blanket. We worked hard to complete the wounded [at Pitsburg Landing] He states that before the fight Beauregard keeping up a rigorous blockade, which, hard to complete the wounded [at Pitsburg Landing] hard to complete the fight Beauregard states that before the fight Beauregard states the fight Beauregard states the fight Beauregard states the f

The engagement now before them we to be the decisive battle of this contest; those rude, dark cabins, with more joy than a King enters his palace, for we beted it, the prospect was bright. They had ter knew the value of shelter from a ed it, the prospect was bright. They had not had any pay, and if they failed in this battle, would not get any, for their completed, and the fire of the allies he dreary months, till Spring should call us money would not be worth a cent; if they gained a victory, each man should have \$1,000.

This promise it was, says the had frozen much earlier than usual, the waters of the Hudson and Delaware, so that no supplies could be severe cold which nerved the rebel forces with such desperation and determination. But it desperation and determination. But it desperation and determination and they have fied, was all of no avail, and they have fled, Louisville Democrat April 9th.

A CHERRING PROSPECT.-A wit says

SEEKING AN ASYLUM.-A correspon days. But the suffering was borne with astonishing patience. The half famiabed soldiers sustained themselves with the tainly a little flighty.

THE FLIGHT OF THE CHIEFS.

Miscellaneous. -

A STORY OF YORKTOWN.

Swearing as they did in Flanders, Saying-"This is very well," Sat and talked the grim comm "No erratic shot nor shell, Fraught with rain, this way wanders!"

II. But beyond the leaguered walls-Ever drawing nigh and nigher-Came the mortars, with the balls, Came the cannon, breathing fire, Came the murlerous hail that falls With a red-hot-iron ire.

Said the rebel chieftains three That is, JOHRSON, LEE, and DAVIS-Thus with Southrons to make free, Very badly to behave is-Let us therefore quickly see Which the way our skin to save is!"

Quoth the stalwart Jourson then-"Clear it is as muddy water. If we wait those armed men, There will certainly be slaughter I'm a worthy citizen. And I say we hadn't orter."

Quoth the noble Davis-"Hear! What a mine of wisdom this is! Dath he not indeed appear Sapient as the old ULYSSES? Lo, a heart unknown to fear! Lo, a fire that never misses."

"' Fis the way, if you'll but take it. Emulate the busy bee, And a busy bee-line make it; And instanter, for you see, As to Yorktown, they will rake it!" VII. "Cowards! is it thus ye say!"

Up, then, spake the doughty Len-

So in wrath roared old Magnungs-Will ye tamely ron away From the blasted, damned intruder?" This, with very fearful bray, This he said, and more, and ruder. VIII. Then the three, in calm disdain, Each apon the other winking,

He will sing another strain. IX. So the valiant chieftains all-Valuant chiefly where the slave is-Seeing that the cannon ball Rougher is than song of mavis,

Sighed, and said: "It's very plain,

Old Magground has been drinking

From the New York Tribune, April 17, 1862. A Historic Battlefield—The Siege of dered arms, colors cased, and drams beat-Yorktown in 1781.

Left the rampart, ditch and wall-

History repeats itself; and, in the siege now in progress before Yorktown, we soldiers to keep their private property, have on a much larger scale, the repetition and no part of their baggage or papers to of the siege of 1781, to result, we cannot be subject to search or inspection." doubt, in like manner-in the triumph of liberty over its enemies. On the 28th of September, 1781, Gen.

Washington marched from Williamsburg, on the peninsula between the James able by a like surrender of a much larger and York rivers, for the even then old army-and thus combine in one glorious Yorktown. He was accompanied by memory two great victories on the same Rochambeau, Chatelleux Du Porteail of the French army. Lafayette was already in advance, and the Count de Grasse lay off with the French fleet in Linhaven Bay. The allied army, including militia, amounted to about 16,000 men. The English army did not number more than

The main body of the English, under Lord Cornwallis, was encamped in the open ground around the town, within the range of outer redoubts and field works calculated to commend the peninsula, while a detachment of 600 or 700 men held Gloucester Point, projecting from the opposite shore, far into the river, and narrowing it to the space of one mile. Communication between was protected by the batteries and English ships-of-war

lying under the batteries.

The allied army advanced upon the town-the Americans having the right and the French the left-and pressed or so eagerly that in the night of the 30th. Lord Cornwallis withdrew from his onter lines, and the works he had evacuated after a sharp skirmish, terminating unfavorably for the British, they made no

further attempt to interrupt.
On the night of Oct. 6th, the first par allel was opened within 600 yards of the British lines, and by the evening of the completed, and the fire of the allies be-came very effective, compelling the enemy in many cases to withdraw his cannon they can't get Java and Rio. from the embrasures, and shells and hot It is a very strong kind of "coffee" shot passing over the town, set fire to the that the rebels distil from their rye.— Chaser frigate, of 44 guns, and several Louisville Journal.

night of the 11th, within 300 yards of the British lines, when, finding that it was flanked by two advanced redoubts in front The second parallel was opened on the on the 14th to carry them by storm, and nose on his cost sleeve. on the 14th to carry them by storm, and accordingly two attacking parties, one American, led by Lafayette, with whom served Alex. Hamilton, as Lieut. Colonel, the other French, led by the Baron de Viomenil, toward the close of the day rushed upon their works, and, though re-Viomenil, toward the close of the day rushed upon their works, and, though receiving a hot and rapid fire, returned not a single shot, but carried them at the disagreeable thoughts.

The suspension bridges are destroyed know not how to act."

The humble chap stood under the gasfeels, ask light, my boy, and by the gleams thereof Journal.

point of the bayonet—Hamilton leading AN ELECY ON THE THE DEATH OF A his month was seen to pucker loaferishly. the American column with his battalion MAD DOG. "Hey you tried the experiment of of light infantry. These captured works being now included in the second parallel, the fire on the fort became so fierce that surrender seemed unavoidable. A vigor-ous sortie, led by Lieut. Col. Abercrombie, was made on the 16th of October, but was triumphantly repulsed, and Lord Cornwallis then conceived the desperate plan of passing his force over to Gloucester Point, and thence, mounting them as best he might by impressed horses—to force his way through Maryland to Philadelphia. A part of the army were actually thus transferred, when a storm arose, which put an end to the transportation of the rest of the army, and as soon as possible those sent over were brought back. On the morning of the 17th, the fire of the allies became so hot that the place was no longer tenable, and Lord Cornwallis asked a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, and the appointment of commissioners to treat for surren-

Gen. Washington replied that only for two hours could be consent to suspend hostilities, and transmitted at the time such articles of capitulation as he would be willing to grant. Commissioners were appointed in conformity, on the 18th, on both sides-Viscount de Mouilles and Col. Laurens on the side of the allies, Col. Dundas and Major Ross on behalf of the English. They agreed upon certain ar-ticles, of which a rough copy only was made, but this Gen. Washington transmitted to Lord Cornwallis early on the 19th, expressing his expectation that the terms would be agreed to and signed by 11 o'clock, and that the garrison would that hour the posts of Yorktown and Gloncester Point, with their garrisons, and the ships in their harbor, with their seamen, were surrendered to the land and uaval forces of America and France. The army, artillery, arms, military chest, and public stores of every kind, were surrendered to Gen. Washington-the ships and seamen to Count de Grasse; the total continent is too good this season to permit number of prisoners, excluding seamen, rather exceeded 7,000 men, among whom were two generals, thirty-one field officers, three hundred and twenty-six captains and subalterns, &c.

The negotiation for surrender was opened on the eleventh day after breaking ground, and the capitulation was signed on the thirteenth day.

The military and naval forces surrendered as "prisoners of war-the artillery. arms, accourrements, and military chests and public stores of every denomination, to be deliverd up unimpaired—the garrison to march out at 2 o'clock to a place appointed in front of the post, with shouling-they are then to ground their arms and return to their encampment-officers to retain their side-arms, and officers and spot on which this memorable surrender was made is well known. It is designated in a plan of the siege, and is soon, we may trust, to be rendered more memor-

Speaker Grow writes to a friend as fol-

"This Congress is redeeming in good faith all its pledges to the people. What von said of it a few days ago was eminently just. It may seem to the country to move slowly, but no Congress before it has, in the same time, accomplished so much for the future greatness and glory of the republic-

"The national capital free forever. "Slavery forever prohibited in all the

Territories. "The public domain set apart and con ecrated to free homes and free men. "The Pacific Railroad authorized.

"The policy of gradual emancipation inaugurated; besides war measures."

WHAT THE MONITOR FIRED AT THE with which the Monitor is armed were supplied, when she left New York, with four hundred rounds of wrought iron shot. each weighing two hundred and eightyfour pounds. These balls were made by forging square blocks of iron at the Novelty Works, and then turning them in the lathe. The cost of the four hundred amounts to \$18,800, and their total weight as seventy-three thousand pounds. Cast iron shot are liable to break in pieces when fired against thick iron plates. These wrought iron shot probably proved too much for the rebel battery.

The Emporia News compliments Do of the British works, it was determined offices he isn't fit to fill, and wipes his

ADAPTED FROM GOLDSMITH. Good people all, of every sort, Give ear unto my song; And if you find it wondrous short,

It cannot hold you long! In Washington dwelt Uncle Sam, Of whom the world did say-He was as gentle as a lamb,

When none did cross his way A kind and noble heart be had, To comfort friends and foes; The naked every day he clad.

Now in that town a dog was found, Of the Palmetto breed-A mongrel puppy, whelp, or bound, That Sam was wont to feed.

This dog and Sam at first were friends But when a pique began, The dog, to gain his private ends, Went mad and bit the man.

The wondering people ran, And swore the dog had lost his wits, To bite so good a man. The wound it seemed both sore and sad, To every Christian eye;

And while they swore the dog was mad,

Around from all the neighboring States

Some said that Sam would die That showed the regues they lied-For Sam recovered of the bite.

[From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury.] Dullness at Washington.

Strategy by the General of the Mackerel Brigade.

in deep affliction at the departure of so many shoulder straps for Manassas, and eign Counts do not arrive by the next on. steamer. Private letters from Europe say that the barber-shop business on the many distinguished dukes to visit America enough." now, though the fact that a few of the French nobility have recently discharged

few Orleans Counts this Summer. the office of the Secretary of the Interior. Covered with spider webs, and clothed in the dust of ages, my boy, sits the Secretary and his clerks, like so many respectable mummies in a neglected pyramid. The Department of the Interior, hab?" my boy, is in a humorous condition; the sales of public lands for the past year amount to about ten shillings, the only buyer being a conservative Dutchman from New Jersey, who hasn't heard about the war yet.

These things weigh upon my spirit, and I was glad to order up my Gothic God." stallion Pegasus, the other day, and rattle down to Manassas once more.

Upon reaching that celebrated field Mars, my boy, I found the General of the Mackerel Brigade in his tent, surrounby telegraphic instruments and railroad maps, while the Conic Section was drawn up in line outside.

"You appear to be much absorbed. General, as I handled the disphanous ves- to scratch his head in the darkness, and sel he was using as an act-drop in the says he:

theatre of war. The General frowned like an obdurate parent refusing to let his only daughter

marry a coal heaver, and says he : "I'm absorbed in strategy. Eighteen months ago I was informed by a contraband that sixty thousand unnatural rebels were intrenched somewhere near here, and having returned the contraband to his master to be immediately shot, I resolved to overwhelm the rebels by strategy. Thunder !" says the General, perspiring eyes. like a pitcher of ice-water in June, "if there's anything equal to diplomacy it's strategy. And now," says the General sternly, "it's my duty to order you to write nothing about this to the papers.

Bob Shorty, "if that ain't the wery identical house where we saw the vinegar maiden last night."

And so it was, my boy! The Conic You write about my movements; the papers publish it, and are sent here; my Adjutant takes the papers to the rebels, and so you see my plans are all known. I have no choice but to suppress you."
"But," says I, "you might more surely keep the news from the rebels by ar-

resting the Adjutant." "Thunder," says the General, "I nev-

er thought of that before. Great men, my boy, are never so great but that they can profit occasionally by a suggestion from the humblest of the speat discovering that he could not get his umbrella through the front door. He was a very great man, understood Sanscrit, made speeches that nobody could comprehend, and had relatives in Beacon street, Boston. There he stood in the rain, my boy, pushing his umbrella this way and that way, turning it endways and sideways, holding it at acute angles and obtuse angles; but still it wouldn't go through the door or anything like it. about loose. By-and-by there came along a chap of humble attainments, who sang out : "What's the matter, old three-and-six-

The great man turned pantingly round

"Hev you tried the experiment of shutting up that air umbella?" says he.

The great man gave a start, and says "Per Jovem! I didn't think to do

that." And he shut his umbrella and went in peacefully.

The Conic Section was to make its great strategic movement, my boy, under Captain Bob Shorty; and, led by that fearless warrior, it set out at twilight. Onward tramped the heroes, according to Hardee, for about a quarter of an hour, and then they reached a queer looking little house with a great deal of piazza and a very little ground floor. With his cap cocked very much over one eye, Captain Bob Shorty knocked at the door, and was answered by a young maiden of

about forty-two. "Hast seen any troops pass here of late?" asked Captain Bob Shorty, with

much dignity.

The Southern maiden, who was a First Family, sniffed indignantly, and says

"I reckon not, poor hireling Hessian." "Forward-double-quick - march !" says Captain Bob Shorty, with much ve-

hemence; "that 'ere young woman has been eating onions." Onward, right onward through the darkness, went the Conic Section of the Mackerel Brigade; went to engage the McArone on the Taking of Fort Donrebel foe and work out the genius of strategy. Half an hour, and another house was reached. In response to the Cap-

tain's knock, a son of chivalry stuck his head out of a window, and says he: "There's nobody at home." "Peace, ignoramus!" says Captain The good society here, my boy, which Bob Shorty majestically; "the United consists principally of N. P. Willis, is States of America wishes to know if you have seen any troops go by to-night."

> "Forward-double quick - march !" says Captain Bob Shorty, "we can catch tomary nasty little fling at McClellan, the Confederacy alive if we're quick awards my friend Stanton all the credit,

And now, my boy, the march was resumed with new vigor, for it was certain ings, says that McClellan took it—
that the enemy was right in front, and The Herald, misjudging as usual, says their coachmen, may lead us to hope for a that the enemy was right in front, and might be strategically annihilated. A that Halleck took it-The most interesting natural curiosity long time passed, however, without the It remains for you, then, my dear Vanhere, next to Secrtary Welles' beard, is discovery of a soul, and it was after ity, to announce the truth-

A small black contraband came to the door, and says he:

"By gorry, mars'r sogerum, what you

"Tell me, young Christy's minstrel," says Captain Bob Shorty, "have any troops passed here to night?" The contraband turned a summerse

and, save he : "Mars'r and misses hab seen two companies dis berry night, so helpum-the magazine! Rosnoke Island—about

"Forward-double-quick - march !" says Captain Bob Shorty. "Two com-Spartans, but it is sweet to die for one's

country." The march went on, my boy, until we got to the next house, where the inmates refused to appear, but shouted that "You appear to be much absorbed, they had seen three companies go past.
my venerable Spartan," says I to the At this, Captain Bob Shorty was heard

> decent odds; but when it's three to one, it's more respectable to have all quiet on the Potomac. Halt, fellow wictims, and ing. let us wait here until the daily sun is is-

sued by the divine editor." The orb of light was calmly stealing up the East, my boy, when Captain Bob Shorty sprang from his blanket, and observed the house before which the Conic Section was encamped, with portruding

"By all that's blue!" savs Cantain

And so it was, my boy! The Conic Section of the Mackerel Brigade had been going round and round on a private race course all night, stopping four times at the same judge's stand, and going after white feather. their own tails, like so many humorous Gen. Buckne

Strategy, my boy, is a profound science, and don't cost more than two dollars a day while the money lasts. Yours, in deep cogitation,

The Richmond Whig speaks of "the cies. I once knew a very great man who loftier motive that inspires the Southern went home in a shower, and was horrifid man" in the civil war. The loftiest motive that inspires the Southern man i whiskey, and that goes down rapidly.

Beauregard and Johnson were the "crack" Rebel Generals. All Secessia, have deemed them invincible; and—they are whipped. There is a great deal of cotton in the

most everything else there, it is lying Thirteen million bricks were used in building Fort Pulaski, but a few Yankee

rebel States, but it isn't baled. Like al-

"bricks" eoon made the building of little account. It is impossible to tell what the resto-

thing is certain; it will not cost half what is worth._ If you want to know how the devil feels, ask the first rebel you meet .- Lou

THE GOOD SHIP UNION.

BY H. L. PARMELEE.

The gale is bursting o'er us, And fast the lightnings fly. While the great peals of thunder Rend all the Southern sky: Up to the beavens the waters Dush in their frantic rage, But the good ship Union rideth Through all the war they wage.

Will she live through the tempest? Do not her timbers strain? Will she be seen at morning, When the storm is fulled again? Oh! yes, through all the darkness, God rales on land and sea; And the crew who sail within her. Are a praying company.

When the storm clouds, low muttering. Roll off, all spont their wrath, And the sun, so long in hiding, Streams out above her path, Then will the good ship greet it, With the old fing at the fore, And her children all be blessed, As in the days of vore!

God guide the good ship Union, From the saltry land of cetton, Or the Northern plain of snow; No black, black night of treason And no star fall ever to the earth

From all our glorious train!

[From Vanity Fair.]

elson. FORT DONELSON, Feb. 25, 1862. DEAR VANITY: The newspapers are so full of of my praise and exploits that it really seems a work of supererogation for me to write anything about the taking of

this work.

I should not have said a word of it had not the Tribune, Times, and Herald "Yes," says the chivalry, "my sister evinced a disposition to ignore the hero will go into hasty decline if a few for saw a company go by just now, I reck. to whom the greenest laurels are obviously due.

The Tribune, in order to give its cusand says he took Fort Donelson-

The Times, to hurt the Tribune's feel-

Aye, this bold right hand, that now deftly wields the intellectual pen, has slewed its thousands, and has planted the Old Flag upon the boasted bastions of

this redoubtable redoubt-

I swear it. Unaided, save by my gallant armyunarmed, save with such weapons as soldiers use—I scaled the batteries, charged the ramparts, breached the intrenchments,

which nothing is yet known-was a fool to it-The resistance of the Rebels would have been much stouter if they had fought

hetter-There would have been many more to defend the Fort if they had not ran

away-That was all along of Floyd-Do you know Floyd?
He had command of an outwork,

with five thousand men and a good armament-Rat all men have their peculiarities Floyd's passion is a whole skin: wounds and injuries are inimical to his well be-

He is not bullet proof-and bullets were very plentiful around his post-so he left his post-Left in the night, stole quietly away. In point of fact, I may say sneaked away.

But, then, consider his profession-All thieves do that sort of thing. When I found that Floyd didn't want his outpost any longer, I took it, and worked it right merrily.
There were multudinous

We found no valuables in the place-Floyd had been there. The report is unfounded that the Rel els showed the black flag; it was the

Gen. Buckner sent me this note by the penny post : DONELSON, Sunday. Dear Mac : As your troops are evilently routed and beaten terrifically.

what terms of capitulation can I have? BOOKWER. I replied as follows : BEFORE DONELSON, Sunday. Dear Buck : Uncondish surrender.

He returned word that the terms we entirely satisfactory : the rebel fing was instantly hauled down, and Buckner de-

livered up his sword-He was pretty drunk. We took 150,000 prisoners, and would have taken more if they had been where

we could get them.

Of the five Generals taken, one had left before the fight; another has not yet arrived; and a third wasn't there at all. The fourth was another man; a minor

I shall hang him—partly for example sake; partly for fun.

Then I shall go to Gnashville. I am around Expect news shortly.
Believe nothing in the daily pape

Believe me.

As ever, very truly,

McARONE.